



MICKEY
FINN



REYNOLDS



OF THE
MOUNTED



BRUCE
BLACKBURN



FEATURE

COMICS

JUNE



THE DOLL MAN



SPIN SHAW



POISON IVY



SAMAR

PULL
THAT
STRING,
LALA... I'LL
SEE WHAT
HAPPENS
!!



No. 45 · 10¢

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**AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE
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The

DOLL MAN

BY
LILLIAN
CRISPIN
TALBOT

SOON,
AMIGOS!
ALL THE
JEWELS
IN MEXICO
WILL BE
MINE!

ALONG A DIRT ROAD
UNDER THE BLUE MEXICAN
SKY, AN OLD FAT PEON
JOSE ALONG. HIS BURRO
IS NOT IN A HURRY. IT
WOULD SEEM THAT NOTHING
EXCITING COULD EVER
HAPPEN TO THESE TWO.

BANCHO HITS A
SLOW BUT HARDY
TUNE. HE SUS-
PECTS NOTHING.

WHILE THE
DOLL MAN IS A
HEAD HITCH-
HAWK.



THE PINWHEEL GRIPS A CACTUS THORN AND APRILS IT PROUDLY



TO SANDO'S HORROR, THE BURRO STRADDLES HIM AND STARTS SPEAKING.



HOWEVER IT IS ONLY THE DOLL MAN, PERCHED BETWEEN THE DONKEY'S EARS.



CARAMBA! I AM MAD!
BUT, BUT... I DON'T HAVE THEM! I WAS ONLY DOING THE BIDDING OF DON HERNANDEZ HE PAID ME!



WITH THESE WORDS, SANDO LEAPS QUICKLY TO HIS FEET AND DISAPPEARS IN A CLOUD OF DUST.



HAY HAY WE'LL LET HIM DO. WE TOLD US ALL WE NEED TO KNOW. EN GVEDA!



THAT NIGHT, AT HER BEAUTIFUL HACIENDA, DONNA ISABELLA IS ENTERTAINING HIGH-CLASS GUESTS... AS SHE CONVERSES WITH DARRYL DANE...



I'M SO SORRY YOUR STAY WAS MADE UNPLEASANT BY THE RECENT THEFT OF MY FAMILY JEWELS!



WE THOUGHT AT FIRST THAT IT MIGHT BE ONE OF THE SERVANTS!



OH YES, HE'S A HIGHLY RESPECTED MAN... HE'S FROM A FINE CASTILIAN FAMILY... HE LIVES IN DORADO?

YES, INDEED... FINE MAN... FINE MAN!



BUT SETTING BACK TO THE SUBJECT OF STOLEN GEMS... THERE HAVE BEEN AN AMAZING NUMBER OF JEWEL ROBBERIES... ALL FROM THE JEWEL COLLECTIONS OF ANCIENT FAMILIES!



I BEG YOUR PARDON, DONNA ISABELLA, BUT HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING OF A DON HERNANDEZ?

THE NEXT DAY DARRYL CUTS HIS VISIT SHORT.



IT IS WITH GREAT SORROW THAT I LEAVE SENORITA, BUT I MUST RETURN TO NEW YORK... BUSINESS YOU KNOW?

YOU MUST COME AGAIN SOON, MR. DANE... WE ARE SORRY TO SEE YOU GO!



DORADO, WHY WELL, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT THAT PICTURESQUE TOWN... I'LL PAY A SURPRISE VISIT TO DON HERNANDEZ.

SOON DARRYL DANE ENTERS THE HISTORIC TOWN OF DORADO, ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF SPANISH CONQUERORS.



A FESTIVAL CROWDS THE WINDING STREETS WITH SHOUTING JOYFUL MERCHANTS.



DADDY IS SWIFT ALONG WITH THE HAPPY TIDE OF LAUGHING PEOPLE.



THIS IS WHAT I CALL FUN! IF I DIDN'T HAVE WORK TO DO, I'D KEEP THIS UP ALL DAY!



BUT BEFORE HIM LOOMS THE MAGNIFICENT TOWERED VILLA OF DON HERNANDEZ, UP TO WHOM SATES THE SKY PROCESSION WINDS, PERPETUATING AN ANCIENT CUSTOM OF PAYING HOMAGE TO THEIR LORD.



IN THE VAST HALL DANE SWEDS HIS BONES OF FLOWERS, AND IN HIS PLACE THE DOLL MAN APPEARS. HE QUICKLY SLIPS INTO A BURLESQUE ATTIRE LYING ON THE FLOOR.



IN THIS GROTESQUE DISGUISE HE HOPS ACROSS THE MARBLE FLOOR.

WHOOOPS!

THE DEVIL DOLL DANCES IT?



BOO! TENGO LAMOOSE! (PRETTY BOO SCREAM)

TEBROCH-STRECHEN, THE
NATIVE'S PLAY AS THE
LITTLE FRIEND RACES
ACROSS THE HALL.



THE DOLLMAN WALKS IN A
SMALL ANTEROOM



PRESENTLY SOMER-
NANCIEZ AND A FEW OF
HIS HENCHMEN ENTER...



THESE CELEBRATIONS
ARE A DEADLY BORE
BUT ONE MUST HUMOR
THE DEASANTRY
SH, CHICO?



BUT I HAVE GOOD
NEWS! I HAVE JUST
RECEIVED THE
ISABELLA JEWELS.
COME I WILL SHOW
YOU..



THE DOLLMAN FOLLOWS CLOSE
ON THEIR HEELS... THE TRIO
ENTER THE
STRONG ROOM.



MARVELOUS
AREN'T THEY
AMIGOS?



FEAR, BUT
THAT'CE
MIGHT BE
TOO HOT
TO HANDLE
DON!

DEMONOS!
DIABLO!



MAORE MA!

WOOF
WOOF



THE DOLL MAN SEIZES CHICO'S BOOTSTRAPS AND SWINGS HIM PRILY



CHICO AND HIS BIL ARE DONE -
THE DOLL MAN LEAPS TO
THE TABLE TO EXAMINE THE
JEWELS.



WHAT A
TREASURE!
A KING'S
GARDEN!



AN, BIG
DOLL MAN.
NOW AIN'T
YOU THE
CATS WHISKERS?



DEEP IN CONTEMPLATION, HE IS
BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF
APPROACHING DANGER.



LEETLE
MOSQUITO
WHAT YOU
DO IN MASTER'S
JEWELS?



THE GIANT PLODS
OUT OF THE
STRONGROOM



I FIE
YOU SO
YOU MAKE
NO TROUBLE
NO MORE!

WE
SO IN
GARDEN!



THEN ME
PUT YOU TO
BED IN NICE
STRONG
BOX!

HEY!
WHAT GOES
ON HERE?





THE DON BOOGIES THAT EVEN
A GOO-HEEED RAT WILL
HENT.



A MAJESTIC HALBEAD CLEAVES
THE FLOOR WHERE THE DOLL
MAN HAS JUST BEEN STANDING



SEIZING THE AX THE DOLL MAN
SWINGS A WIDE ARC.



THE ENEMY IS BOON. MAN-
QUINNED THE DOLL MAN
LEAVES A NOTE FOR THE
POLICE



Don't miss the next sensational adventure of The Doll Man in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS.

POISON IVY

BY
GILL
FOY

THE MIGHTY MITE



RANCE KEANE

RANCE KEANE'S GOT THE GUESS OF THE SEA IN HIS GUTS... THE SALTY YEARS OF ADVENTURE IN HIS BLOOD... IN FACT, HE FEELS HE CAN'T SAY UNLOOSE FROM THE WHARF WHERE RANCE WAS CUT IN THE HOUR EVER SINCE A RESCUE SHIP SET THEM ASHORE IN SAN FRANCISCO...

FOR GOD'S SAKE, RANCE, DON'T LET THEM SEE YOU! THEY'LL BE AFTER YOU!

A COUPLE HOURS LATER.....

GOODBYE, MR. TOPPING, AND THANKS A LOT!

YIPPEE! LOOK AT THE NIFTY SILLY COMING OUTA HARVEY TOPPING'S!

PEET! MEX, PERWEE!

WOWDY, WE'VE MET YOU IN BOSE (AND ONCE)

BRUSH!

A MINUTE OR SO LATER IN THEIR FRIEND HARVEY TOPPING'S HOTEL SUITE.....

WHO WAS THE CHARMING LADY THAT JUST LEFT, HARVEY?

CHARMING? SHE'S A PRIZE FIGHTER!

NONSENSE, PERWEE! THAT WAS MARY MC DUCK, SHARK BITE'S MOTHER!

I LEFT THEM THE MONEY TO FINANCE A PEARLING SCHOONER IN THE SOUTH SEAS, AND MARY CAME TO PAY ME BACK. THEY'RE SAILING AWAY AGAIN TOMORROW.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN SUCH A HURRY?

I GOTTA SEE A TALKING MAN ABOUT A DINING SUIT!

HEY, RANCE! WAIT FOR PERWEE!



BUT WHY FOLLOW THE LADY SLUGGER RANER?

FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME I WANT TO MEET THIS BRASS-EGAN, HEE ON HIS SCORCHED "THE CORSEAR" SOMEWHERE ALONG THE DOCKS.....



TWO WHITE MEN FOLLOW MISSY MARY! NO LIKE ED KANAKA LEAV THEM!



WHERE YOU GO WALKING OFF LIKE THAT?

2



LESSO, YOU OVERDOIN' YEOR! MY MUSTACHE!! YE CUT IT HALF OFF

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, STRANGER! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN OR.....

MEANWHILE A DARK CAR HAS PULLED UP BESIDE MARY AND.....



I'VE GOT HER, ONE-EYE..... STEP ON THE GAS!

HELP! KANAKA LEAV! HELP!



KANAKA LEAV THAT ME!

THAT CAR! SOMEBODY GRABBED HER IN THERE!

THEY'RE DRIVING AWAY!



WHILE THE HUGE NATIVE WHO ATTACKED PEWEE DAVIS'S SWIFTLY AFTER THE KIDNAP CAR APOOT.....

TAXI! CABO! THAT CAR!

YOU KNOW THAT DAVE THEY SWATCHED?



YE BLASTED LITTLE CAR! GIVE ME THAT MONEY! IT'S RIGHTFULLY MINE!



THANKS OVERPASS
THEY'VE GOT
YOUR BACKS UP
THE STREET

WOLD UP
YOU BELONG
YOU WENT THROUGH
A RED LIGHT



SO HE RAN THROUGH
A LIGHT, HE'LL BEHOLD
HE'LL COME RIGHT IN HERE
AND TELL US ALL ABOUT
IT. STOP THE CAR, ONE-ONE



KEEP HIM BUSY
RED MACK, I'LL
GET HIM FROM
BEHIND!

OOH, ROUGH
TOUGH AND
BLESSED
IT'S LIKE THIS!



HE'VE HIM
CLUT ON HIS
HEAD!

THE BLASTED
SEA FISH, I'LL
BEAT HIM
IN MY
FACE FIRST!

MARY MC DERMOT DIVERTS
UP HER SHOE, KICKED OFF
IN THE SCUFFLE



I KNOW A NICE
GIRL, ISN'T SUPPOSED
TO BE IN A
PETCOFFS, BUT...



THOMAS



BLAST ME SCUPPERS
AND LIES, YOU'VE
GOT A PUNCH
LIKE A WHALE'S
TAIL!



YOU DO PRETTY
WELL FOR YOURSELF
IN A ROUGH-AND-
TUMBLE GOODLOOKING!
I LIKE YOU!

A WILDED
YOURSELF, MARY
AND I DON'T MEAN
ONLY THE WAY YOU
DRIVE THAT
PRIMER!

BUT HE DANCE STEPS OUT OF THE CAR TO HELP MARY BATHER UP HER SCATTERED MONEY.....

YOU KIDNAP MISSY MARY KANAKA LEW CUT HEAD OFF AND TUCKER HIM BAW!

NEW!

OUT IT OUT YOU HEATHER! AND I DON'T MEAN MY HEART!

NO KANAKA LEW NO! LIES A FRIEND! DROP YOUR KNIFE!

BUT THIS FELLA FOLLOW MISSY MARY ON DASH STREET NO TRUST!

YOU CAN TRUST HIM ALL RIGHT! KANAKA LEW HE JUST WANTED RED MACK THE SWEETEST LOOKS OF HIS LIFE... AND HE SAVED MINE WHILE HE WAS AT IT!

MEANWHILE THE DRIVER OF RED MACK'S CAR COMES TO SEE HIS CHANCE TO ESCAPE, AND TAKES IT.....

RED MACK! GET MARY!

WHEE-WHEE! RED LOOKS LIKE A HUNTING TROPHY SOMEBODY SHOT UP IN THE WILDS! LET HIM GO! HE ONLY GOT AWAY WITH TWO OR THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

ONLY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ON SHARK ISAN'S SCHOONER, THE CORSAIR.....

SHARK, THIS IS RANCE KEANE, OUR OLD ENEMY RED MACK TRIED TO PUT THE GOOSE ON ME, ONLY RANCE SORT OF BEAT RED'S EARS DOWN FOR HIM!

ANY FRIEND OF MARY'S IS A FRIEND OF MINE!

THERE'S A RAMPUS AT THE HEAD OF THE GANGPLANK.....

THERE YOU ARE CAUGHT UP TO YOU! BRING BACK MY ROLP STRAINER!

MUH!

KANAKA LEW GOTTA BETTER TRICK LEARN M FROM AMERICAN INDIAN!

WILD WILD RANCE! THIS CRAZY SALVAGE IS MURDERING ME ALL OVER AGAIN!

SCALPM RILE FACE MACKIN' PALED!

GET ME A MUFFLER... QUICK! I'LL KETCH MY DEATH OF COLD WITHOUT MY MUSTACHE!

WHY DEEMEE I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD A FACE UNDER ALL THAT HAIR

HA HA!

ZERO

DR.
HOB
FOWLER

GHOST DETECTIVE



MOSTLY WRECKED OF
DANGER ISLE BEHINDS
AN ANCIENT MATED
AND EGGHEAD NEW TERROR
ON THE HIGH SEAS.

A FREIGHTER FLOWS THROUGH
STORMY SEAS.

BUT IN A FEW MOMENTS
THE CAPTAIN REALIZED
HE WAS BEING WITLED.

THE SHIP IS SMASHED TO
A BATTERED HULK ON
THE LAGGED REEFS OF
DANGER ISLE.

WHAT'S THAT? A LIGHT? IT'S
SIGNALING DANGER. CHANGE
OUR COURSE DUE
NORTH...



MEANWHILE ZERO VISITS JAMES DARBY, PRESIDENT OF CHERRY SHIPPING COMPANY, INC.

HE WAS A GREAT OLD SEA DOG. MY GRANDDAD HE STARTED THE COMPANY WITH THIS ONE CLIPPER. NOW IT'S THE BIGGEST SHIPPING BUSINESS IN THE COUNTRY!



THE PHONE RINGS

WHAT? A WRECK? THAT'S THE SECOND DANGER ISLE! THE LIGHTHOUSE! BUT... BUT...



THIS IS MYSTERIOUS, ZERO. THE DANGER ISLE LIGHTHOUSE HASN'T BEEN USED FOR YEARS... BUT NOW IT GIVES MY SHIPS FALSE SIGNALS... THEY CRASH ON THE ROCKS!



NO HUMAN BEING CAN REACH DANGER ISLE! IT USED TO BE A PENINSULA, BUT NOW THE SEA HAS CUT IT OFF! THE ROCKS STOP EVERY ATTEMPT TO LAND THERE!



ZERO IS DETERMINED TO INVESTIGATE... HE GOES TO THE FISHING VILLAGE OPPOSITE DANGER ISLE.

NO SIR... YOU WON'T FIND A BOAT TO TAKE YOU TO THAT HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE!



THERE IS ONE ALTERNATIVE... ZERO GOES TO AN AIRPORT.

HAUNTED, EH? THEN IT LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR ME, ALL RIGHT!



THAT'S IT! PILOT, CIRCLE DOWN TO THE TOWER... YOU CAN LET ME OFF THERE!



ZERO SWINGS PRECARIOUSLY TO THE LORIE AROUND THE HUGE LIGHT.



NO ONE HERE NOW. I'LL WAIT TILL NIGHT... A DARBY FREIGHTER IS DUE AT MIDNIGHT...



WHEN DARKNESS FALLS, A LIGHT
STREAKS ACROSS THE WATER.
ZERO HAS BEEN NO ONE
ENTER THE LIGHTHOUSE?



BUT ASKING INSIDE HE SEES...



"SHADOWY FIGURES
SAILORS! THEY LOOK
AS THOUGH THEY
ONCE MANNED
CLIPPED SHIPS!"



"AND THERE'S THE
FREIGHTER... HE
GOT TO BLACK
OUT THE
LIGHT!"

ZERO IS QUETLY AMOVED...



"AH... A PIECE OF OLD
SAIL-CLOTH... THIS
WILL SAVE THAT
SHIP FROM SEEING
THE TREACHEROUS
SIGNAL!"

SHIFTLY ZERO DROPS THE
LIGHT...



ABOARD THE FREIGHTER THERE
IS GREAT CONFUSION.



"WHAT THY...
TURN BACK!
THE LIGHT
HAS GONE
OUT!"

ZERO'S TROUBLES HAVE JUST
BEGUN...



"BLOW THE
LUBBER
DOWN!"

THE GHOSTLY SEAMEN SOON
OVERCOME ZERO AND SEND
HIM TUMBLING DOWN THE
STAIRWELL...



"DOWN INTO
DARKNESS
SO YET!"



"WAT NO MORTAL
MAN CAN DESTROY
OUR PLANS, EH,
MATEYS?"

"HE WON'T
BE SHOOTAL
LONG WHEN
HE HITS
BOTTOM!"

BUT ZERO IS NOT KILLED IN HIS FALL. BELOW ANOTHER SHOOT OF FISHURE CATCHES HIM.



NOW, MATEY, HOW CAME YOU TO BE MIXED UP WITH THAT SCURRY LOT UP THERE?

NEVER MIND THAT. TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?



THE MAIN STORY

MANY YEARS AGO, TWO SHIPS SET SAIL FROM THE HARBOR ON A TREASURE HUNT. ONE CAPTAINED BY JIM DABBY. THE OTHER MANNED BY THE CREW THAT'S UP IN THE LIGHT.



THE VILLAINOUS CREW LAGGED BEHIND UNTIL HE REACHED THE BARRADOES AND NEARED THE TREASURE ISLAND.

THEN THEY OPENED UP WITH A FOLLEY OF FIRE TRYING TO DISABLE THE CAPTAIN'S SHIP.



DABBY TRICKED THEM BY RUNNING A DANGEROUS COURSE THROUGH THE REEFS.



HIS HAND WAS SLIDE AT THE WHEEL, AND HIS SHIP SAILED SAFELY, BUT THE OTHER RAN AROUND AND WAS WRECKED.



I WAS THE BOSS, WHO STOPPED A BULLET MEANT FOR CAPTAIN DABBY. THE SPIRITS OF THE WRECKED CREW HAVE SWORN VENGEANCE, BUT I HAVE ALWAYS FOLLOWED TO HINDER THEM.



COME LADDIE, WE'LL PUT AN END TO THIS BUSINESS ONCE AND FOR ALL!





HERE, MATEY. BEFORE WE START THE AFTERNOON TAKE THESE. THE FINGER BONES OF THESE BARNACLED GHOSTS FISHED THEM FROM THE SLIP WHEN THEY DROWNED!



THE OLD MAN RISES INTO ACTION WITH THE FURY OF A LASHING WIND.

I'VE WAITED MANY A YEAR FOR THIS FUN!

ZERO ENJOYS THE WEIRD RIDE UNTIL...



THE OLD BOYS BEING OUT-NUMBERED? I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THESE BONES!

RUSHING INTO THEIR MIDST, ZERO HOLDS OUT HIS HANDS UNDER THE NOSES OF THE GHOSTLY BATTLEERS.



SPEED HORROR CROSSES THEIR SHADOWY FACES AS THEY SEE THE CROSSED FINGER BONES IN HIS PALMS.



A STREAK OF LIGHT SHOOTS FROM THE SKY AND INTO THE NEGATIVE LAMPS ON THEIR LAST JOURNEY.



ZERO THINKS THAT HE IS LEFT ALONE IN THE DARK... UNTIL...



HEH! HEH! GOOD WORK, MATEY!

HE TURNS TO SEE THE FRIENDLY SMILING FACE OF THE BOSS.



THANK YE, LAD. YE CAN DEPEND ON ME TO GUARD THIS LIGHT ON DANGER ISLE FROM NOW ON!

REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

OF THE

by
JOHN
DUNN



ON A STRANGE PRIMITIVE ISLAND
SERGEANT REYNOLDS PLUNGES
INTO A FANTASTIC MYSTERY AS
THE LEGEND OF THE ANCIENT
DRUIDS COMES TO LIFE...

SERGEANT
REPORTS HAVE COME IN
THAT JOHNNY WESTLAKE
THE RADIUM HEIR, HAS
BEEN SHIPWRECKED.
HE WAS LAST SEEN
HEADING FOR
THIS GROUP OF
ISLANDS IN
HIS KETCH.



HOURS LATER:

THERE ARE THE
ISLANDS...
THOSE TOWERING
ROCKS CERTAINLY
ARE IMPRESSIVE...

SEEMS LIKE THERE
WAS A RUMOR ABOUT
SOMEONE FINDING A GOLD
MUGGET THERE... WONDER
IF THAT YOUNG FOOL
WESTLAKE HAD THAT IN
MIND WHEN...
HEY-WHAT TH-!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A TERRIFIC
LURCH AND THE BOAT IS CAUGHT
IN A SWIRLING WHIRLPOOL...

THE CHIPPING WINDS TACKLE THE CRAFT AS THE HUGE DOCKS...



25 TWO FIGURED WALK ALONG THE SHORE.



PIERRE! LOOK! SOMEONE'S BEEN IN A WRECK... QUICK! WE MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM!

BY JOE! THOSE DOCKS GET ONE EVERY DAY!

IT'S A MOUNTIE! WE'LL TALK LATER JOHNNY - COME, WE MUST GET HIM TO MY HOUSE - HE NEEDS REST!



HOW'RE YOU FEELIN', SERGEANT? I'M JOHNNY WESTLARK - THIS IS PIERRE DULAC, WHO HELPED ME BRING YOU IN!



HA-HA - JUST LIKE I FIND JOHNNY WHEN HIS BOAT GET WRECKED!

THAT NIGHT



TELL PIERRE WE'LL BE BACK SOON!

SURE!

WHO WAS THAT? HE LOOKED JITTERY ABOUT SOMETHING!



THAT'S GABRIEL PIERRE'S HELPER! I DON'T TRUST HIM... LET'S HEAD FOR THE FAR END OF THE ISLAND!



SO THAT'S THE ANCIENT DRUID CAVE!

GOO - THOSE GOTTENGLUS DOCKS LOOK LIKE MONSTERS!



IT'S THE FISHERMAN WHO FOUND THE GOLD NUGGET - WHO STABBED YOU OLD TIMER?

IT'S THE DRUID TERRORE! KEEP AWAY FROM THE CAVE... IT MEANS DOOM FOR THE ISLANDS!

FROM THE SHADOWS A FIGURE NOTCHES...

WHAT'S THAT! SOUNDED LIKE A VOICE IN AGONY!

LOOK - A MAN!



AT THIS MOMENT A TERRIFIC
EXPLOSION ROCKS THE ISLAND



THE DRUID
(GOD SMILES)
WE ARE
DOOMED!

SACRIFICE
WESTLAKE!
BURN HIM
ALIVE—THAT
WILL APPEASE
THE GODS' WRATH!

IT
WILL
SAVE US



AROUND THE SHYREMORE BRUJO
ROCK FORMATIONS, WESTLAKE IS
WATERSHOED WITH THE SACRIFICE



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CAVE...

THAT ROCKSLIDE AND
EXPLOSION WERE JUST MONEY
TRICKS TO GET US OUT OF
HERE... I'M GOING IN AGAIN...
OH-OH—FOOTSTEPS!!
GOSH—IT'S DADN IN HERE!!



SUDDENLY REYNOLDS IS JOLTED
AS A FIGURE LEAPS AT HIM IN
THE DARK...



UGH!

IN THE SHADOWS OF THE RAINED
TEMPLE, THE TWO MEN FIGHT FOR
LIFE



GREAT SCOTT!
IT'S PIERRE
DULAC—SO
YOU'RE BEHIND
THIS REIGN
OF TERROR!

YES MOUNTIE
THE PEOPLE
OF THIS
ISLAND
BELIEVE IN
LEGENDS, BUT
I DON'T!!



WHEN THAT FOOL WESTLAKE
CAME TO THIS ISLAND I
KNEW HE WOULD ENTER
THE CAVE... SO I PLANNED
TO USE HIM AS A TOOL
AND TERRORIZE THE
ISLANDS!



EVEN NOW HE IS BEING
BURNED ALIVE OUTSIDE BY
THEM—THEY ARE SACRIFICING
HIM FOR THE SAKE OF THE
DRUID GOD!... HAAAA!!
NOW TO GET RID OF
YOU!







Order the July issue of **FEATURE COMICS** from your regular newsdealer now

SAAMAR

BY JOHN
CARRIE



THE BLUNT
JUNGLE HERO
BATTLES VICIOUS
FANGES AND DEADLY
SNAKES OF THE
DREADED HYENA-
MEN TO SAVE HIS
TINY FRIENDS. THE
JUNGLE PROMISES

SAMAR SWINGS
LIGHTLY THROUGH
THE TREES WHEN

SAMAR!

HELP
US!

OF
COURSE
I'LL HELP
YOU!

SENTER HE SCOOPS UP THE
PYGMIES

HYENA-MEN
ATTACK OUR
VILLAGE.
THEY KILL
OUR
PEOPLE!

THEY CRASH THROUGH DENSE
BRUSH TO THE PYGMIES' OUT-
POST CANOE. AS THEY'RE
ABOUT TO STEP IN.

WAIT!!
CROCODILES!



NOT THINKING OF THE DANGER SAMAR PUTS HIS STRENGTH AGAINST THE HORRIBLE REPTILE



THEN HE STRADDLES THE GUMHALES OF THE DUGOUT...



BUT GREAT FROTHING BEASTS FLOW THROUGH THE WATER TOWARD THEM



SAMAR LEANS TO THE STOUT BACK OF THE LEADER HERPO. THE DUGOUT CARRIES THEM FROM THE SHIFT ACTION



AASE! DEMON HERPO! POTAMUS!

THEY WON'T HURT YOU!

THE WILD HERD GOES WILD. FURIOUSLY THEY CHARGE FOR THE HELPLESS PRISONERS



GALIF QUANTY TRY TO REACH SHORE!

BUT SAMAR WITH LIGHTNING SPEED AND WITH HIS DEADLY SPEAR RUSHES TO THEIR AID

SOON THE REMAINING HERDS FLEE



GREAT MAN SAMAR YOU SAVE US?

YOU ARE MY FRIENDS. RIDDLE FAST! WHILE I BAIL!

BELON THE BARDIS THEY
REACH THE DANCE AND
PROCEED ON FOOT. BUT



LOOK! HYENA
MEN TRACKS

MOVE, YOU DICKS!
THE BEASTS HAVE
CAUGHT THE SCENT!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR
THE HUNTING HORN?



SAMAR LEADS
THE HUNT
ADVANCE



I'LL STOP THIS
ATTACK MYSELF!

MEANWHILE A BART BENEATH
AAR STANDS ON A HILL. THE
VICIOUS HYENA HE HOLDS SNAPS
THE WIND FOR SCENT OF MAN.



WHILE
A VICIOUS
HYENA BLOWS
A HOLLOW HUNTING
NOTE.



SAMAR
TO THE
TREES?



WHILE SAMAR BATTLES, THE
HYENAS AND THEIR BARKED
BARKED FROM THEIR ATTACK.



ON A HILDT NEARBY A TRIO OF RHINOCEROS SCENTS THE WHODALISM ON THEIR LAND.



EMOTING WITH RAGE, THEY CHARGE FOR THE HYENA-MEN WHO SCATTERED, TERRIFIED.



QUICK! NOW WE HELP YOUR VILLAGE. THE HYENA-MEN ARE TOO BUSY TO ATTACK!



THEY ADDED AT THE VILLAGE, BUT...

OH! I SUSPECT THAT THE PEOPLE ARE SAFE IN THE CAVE'S LOW, WHERE THOSE SHODDY PIES BURN.

SAMAR STANDS BY WHILE THE PYGMIES ENTER THE CAVE.

THEY'VE ENOUGH TROUBLE NOW, THEY'LL LEAVE YOU PYGMIES ALONE FOR AWHILE!



BUT WHILE THE JOY OUR TRIBESMEN WELCOME THEIR BROTHERS, HEAVY BOULDER'S MESSY TO FALL.

SAMAR IS FORCED TO DART INSIDE THE CAVE FOR SAFETY.



THEY CRAWL THROUGH THE NARROW TUNNEL.



QUICKLY THEY PILE INTO THE CANOES, WHILE THE RAGING HYENAS POUND AT THE CAVE'S ENTRANCE.



AS SAMAR AND HIS
FIGHTY CREW SWEEP
OUT OF THE CAVE.



HOSTILE HYENA-MEN'S ARROWS MEET THE
CANOES. THEY CRASH AGAINST THE ROCKS.



A FINE LASSO FALLS
FROM THE TROTS, SAVING
HIS SAMAR.



BUT SAMAR MAKES A
BREAK FOR FREEDOM.



BREAKS
WHISTLE BY.



TIED TO A POLE, HE IS THEN
CARRIED ON THE HUGGY
SHOULDERS OF THE HYENA-MEN.



MY ONLY
CHANCE IS
TO TRICK
THEM!



HE REACHED A CANOE AND SETS
OUT DOWNSTREAM.

IN THEIR SPEEDY
DUSKOUT, THE ENEMY
PURSUERS.



SAMAR
SWINGS
INTO A
HIDDEN
EDDY BE-
HIND A ROCKY
POINT.



IN GAIN THE HYENA-MEN TRY TO BACK-PADDOLE AGAINST
THE RUSHING CURRENT. THEY ARE DRAWN OVER THE ROARING
WATERFALL THAT SPILLS INTO A DEEP CHASM BELOW.



YOU HAVE SAVED
OUR TRIBE.
COME WE GIVE
FEAST FOR
YOU!

LALA PALOOZA



HEY - A VERY INTERESTING NEWS ITEM - LALA, A VERY INTERESTING NEWS ITEM!

REALLY? HOW GET YOUR FEET OFF THE TABLE



THE LATEST
DONNIE K. DOWNDROP
INHERITED \$10,000
FROM THE ESTATE OF
THE LATE MRS. ALFRED
K. FIDLEBUST
TEN YEARS AGO. MR.
DOWNDROP ASSISTED
MRS. FIDLEBUST
ACROSS A DOWNTOWN
STREET. HE NEVER
FORGET THE INCIDENT.



SONA! THERE'S AN OLD DAME
GON' ACROSS THE STREET -
THE LADY'S - WHICH WORKED -



PARDON ME, WOMAN -
MAY I ASSIST
YOU?

THANK
YOU, SIR.



I WISH YOU COULD
DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT
MAN - HE'S
BEEN FOLLOWING
ME FOR AN
HOUR

OH, HE HAS
HAS HE?



LISTEN, YING
SONA - WHAT
DYA MEAN
BY GON' AROUND
BOARIN' OLD
LADIES?

OLD LADY!
LOOK, RITSO -
THAT
LUG IS -



LUG, EH!
I'LL LEARN
YOU A
LESSON!



HOLY SMOKE!
YOUR BAG IS FULL
OF DOUGH,
LADY!



HEY, LADY -
I SAID
YOUR BAG -
- HEY!
WHAT'RE
Y'GON'?

I'M LAMIN'
OUTTA HERE -
DUCK DAT
FOOLE
CASE...



... CAUSE THERE'S SONA BE
MORE BULLS AROUND HERE
THAN THEY GOT IN THE
STOCK-YARDS!



BULLS! - STOCK-
YARDS! - FOOLE
CASE? - OH MY GOSH!
LOOK WHAT'S
IN THE FIDDLE
CASE!



IT'S
KILLED
KELLY -
THE BANK
ROBBER
ANNOY!

TAKE HIM
ALIVE -
IF
POSSIBLE

WHY
DID I
EVER
LOVE
TO
DEAD!

LALA PALOOZA



BRUCE BLACKBURN

COUNTERSPY

by
WILLARD CROUCH

DOUBLE
DOUBLE!

QUICK LOAD THAT
MANGANESE!

THE PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF CAPTAIN
BUCK BLACKBURN AGE OF ARMY
INTELLIGENCE, IS DUE IN LARGE MEASURE
TO HIS DOUBLE LIFE. HE IS CAPTAIN
JACKSON. THIS ADDS BRUCE TO BE IN TWO
PLACES AT THE SAME TIME.

WORK AT THE FARNUM SHEET
METAL COMPANY HAS ALMOST
STOPPED, DUE TO THEFTS OF
MANGANESE.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEAD
QUARTERS, WASHINGTON.

BUT COLONEL JORDAN, I CAN'T
SEE HOW THOSE THEFTS WERE
POSSIBLE WITHOUT INSIDE
ASSISTANCE!

THE ARMY MUST HAVE THAT
SHEET DURALUMIN!

BRUCE, THOSE MANGANESE
THEFTS AT THE FARNUM PLANT
ARE CRIPPLING NATIONAL
DEFENSE!

WELL, YOU CAN'T
THINK DURALUMIN
WITHOUT MAN-
GANESE AND PLANTS
WITHOUT DURALU-
MIN. I'LL LOOK AROUND.

YOU MAY
HAVE SOMETHING THERE,
BRUCE!
GO TO IT!

NEXT MORNING IN THE OFFICE
OF THE FARNUM COMPANY.

NO WILLARD CROUCH,
PLEASE!

THE PRESIDENT'S
EXPECTING YOU
GO IN!

COLLUSION FROM INSIDE
CAPTAIN? ABSURD!

BUT IS IT
SO ABSURD,
MR. CROUCH?

BOSS THAT NEW MANGANESE
SHIPMENT AT THE ASPERS-

OH YOU
GOT
COMPANY?

MR. BYRNE THIS
IS CAPTAIN
BLACKBURN OF
MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE.

I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

THAT'S BYRNE, ONE
OF MY FOREMEN!

MR. CROUCH,
WHY DID YOU
MENTION MY
NAME?

IF THIS HAD BEEN AN AXIS
COUNTRY, THAT SLIP COULD
HAVE COST YOU YOUR HEAD!

FROM THE
AXIS, WE
COULD LEARN
MUCH-ED-
CAPTAIN!

THAT WAS ODD! WAS IT A
SLIP? THAT DEFENSE OF THE
AXIS? I WONDER? I'LL TRY
ANOTHER TEST!

MR. FARNUM! NOW I PLACE
HOW I MET YOU
AT ATLANTIC
CITY TWO
YEARS AGO!

AH YES CAPTAIN! REMEMBER IT CLEARLY NOW!

THAT'S INTERESTING. I NEVER SAW THIS BIRD BEFORE IN MY LIFE!



WELL NO FARNUM I'LL GO ALONG! BUT I'LL SEE YOU LATER, TONIGHT PROBABLY!

THAT'S FINE, CAPTAIN!



BACK IN WASHINGTON WITH HIS DOUBLE JACKSON.

SO THAT BRINGS US UP TO DATE JACKSON! YOU GO TO FARNUM TONIGHT IN MY PLACE!

OK, BRUCE I GET IT!



NOW I'LL GO TO THE ASPERS PLANT! IF I'M RIGHT, THEY BELIEVE I'M WITH FARNUM AND ACT THERE!



8 HOURS LATER BRUCE IS 300 MILES AWAY AT ASPERS, PA.

THIS IS ONE WAY OF GETTING INSIDE THE FACTORY GROUNDS WITHOUT ATTRACTING NOTICE!



RIGHT ON THE OFFICE ROOF, AND HERE COMES BYRNE INTO THE OFFICE!

I'LL CALL THE BOSS!



300 MILES AWAY AT THE MAIN FARNUM PLANT, JACKSON IS WITH WILLARD FARNUM.

FARNUM SPEAKING BYRNE, IT IS SAFE TO PROCEED, HE'S WITH ME NOW!

BRUCE'S HUNCH WAS RIGHT!



LOOKS LIKE I WAS RIGHT NOW TO GET DOWN FROM HERE. THIS GRAVEL ROOF'S SLIPPERY.

MEANWHILE ON THE OFFICE ROOF, BRUCE HEARS BYRNE'S CALL.

OK, BOSS! KEEP THAT ARMY SNOODER THERE, AND I'LL LIFT THIS LOAD OF MANGANESE, TOO!



OOPS!



WHAT WAS THAT COME ON!



AS BRUCE STAGGERS DAZEDLY TO HIS FEET!



THERE HE IS!

GET UP YOUR HANDS!



BUT HE IS SEEN BY THE
HUNTERS -

THERE HE IS!

DON'T SHOOT!
I HAVE A BETTER
PLAN! START
THE TRAIN
AND -

MEANTIME IN THE CAR

WE'RE MOVING - SOMETHING'S
WRONG! THE FIRST CAR'S
PASSED UNDER THE
ELEVATOR!

DUMP THE MANGANESE
ORE!

THAT WILL SUFFOCATE
THAT SNOOPING SPY!

AS THE ORE CRASHES
INTO THE CAR, COVERING
BRUCE COMPLETELY!

GOOD THING I BROUGHT
ALONG THIS PIPE. I CAN
BREATHE THROUGH IT!

HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT. WE'LL
GET RID OF HIS BODY WHEN
WE LOAD THE ORE ON OUR
PLANES FOR MEXICO,
AT DIRGO
FIELD!

SO THAT'S IT!

FROM DIRGO FIELD, EH?
I KNOW THAT ABANDONED
FIELD!

NOW I'LL HAVE TO GET
WORD BACK TO INTELLI-
GENCE AND HAVE THE PLANS
INTERCEPTED!

BRUCE DIGS UP THROUGH
THE ORE!

BLACKBURN! HE DIDN'T
DIE! SHOOT HIM!

THAT WAS CLOSE! HERE'S
A BRIDGE AHEAD! I HOPE
THE WATER'S -

SANG!

BRUCE DIVES INTO THE RIVER -

AND 30 MINUTES LATER
CAPTAINS FIND THE DIVER

INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE -



THAT FARM HOUSE. I SET
TELEPHONE WIRE. ILLPHONE
INTELLIGENCE!



BRUCE CALLING! HUNGARIAN
IS BEING FLOWN OUT FROM
DARGO FIELD! HAVE IT
RAIDED!



AND 30 MINUTES LATER
12 ARMY PLANES DIVE
DOWN ON DARGO FIELD.



NEXT MORNING IN COLONEL
JORDAN'S OFFICE -

WHEN FARNUM STARTED TO
CALL ME HAUPTMAN, HIS
LANGUAGE FOR CAPTAIN, IT
TIPPED ME OFF THAT
FARNUM WASN'T FARNUM!



WHEN HE REMEMBERED A
MEETING WITH ME THAT
HADN'T TAKEN PLACE I
WAS SURE HE WAS AN
IMPOSTER!



SAY HAVE
YOU HEARD
FROM JACKSON?

HERE I AM WITH TWO
FARNUMS THE BATTERED
ONE IS THE PHONEY. I
PERSUADED HIM TO LEAD ME
TO THE REAL FARNUM!



I HEARD
SOMEONE!
HOB JACKSON

DOUBLE
DOUBTS!

BEHIND FOLLOWING JACKSON
AND THE TWO FARNUMS -

THAT TRAITOR! HE WENT
IN THERE!



TRAITOR TO THE
HOMELAND! DIE!



NO-UGA!

AND BYONE THEY TURN
THE GUY UPON HIMSELF
AND FIGHT -

HAIL-THE-HOMELAND!



LATER IN THE OFFICE -

WELL BRUCE ONCE MORE
NO ENEMY AGENT LIVES
WHO HAS SEEN YOU TWO
TOGETHER!



SO WE CAN
CARRY ON!



AS EVENING FALLS



AH! HERE'S THE PINACE



LOOK, CHIEF! A STRANGE EAGLE!

A FLAG! IT'S USA! SHOOT HER DOWN!

THE BELL WHIZZES SPEED-ILY DAST USA



YOU FOOLS! YOU'LL NEVER MATCH MY EAGLE EYES NOR MY POWER!



YOU'VE LAID YOUR TREACHEROUS CARDS - I SHALL PLAY YOUR GAME



AND HERE'S MY ACE!

FIRE LIGHTS UP THE COLD SKY THE S.O.S. PIERCES THE NIGHT AS USA TURNS TOWARD THE WOODS



HELP! SAVE US!

S.O.S.

USA CONSOLES THE NATIVES IN THE WOODS OF TRIALASKA



DISTRIBUTE THESE THREADS OF MY FLAG - HAVE FAITH - USA WILL HELP YOU

WE WILL

IN THE OFFICE OF THE GENERAL OF THE FOREIGN POWER

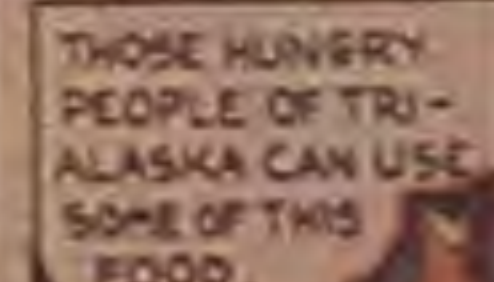
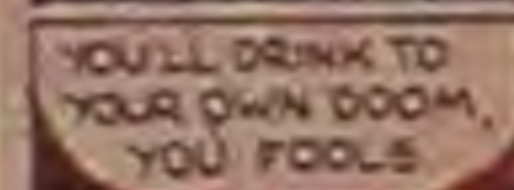
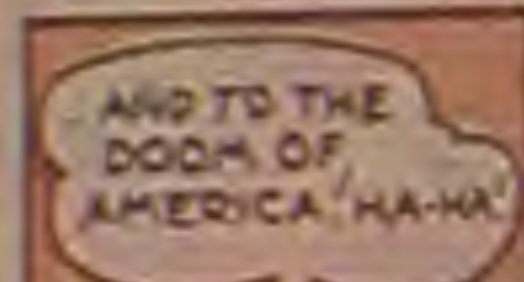
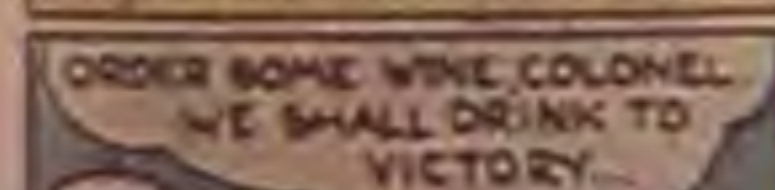
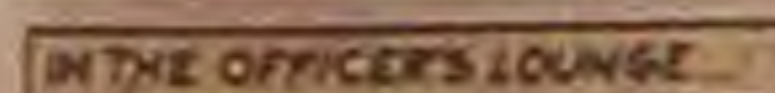
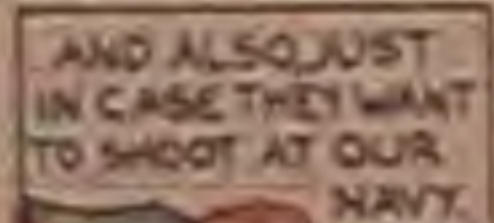
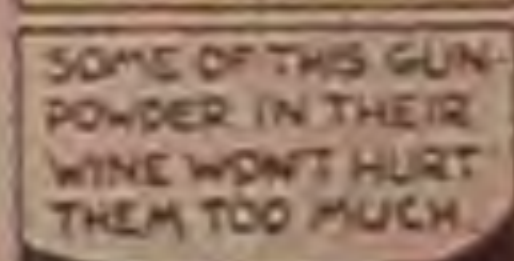
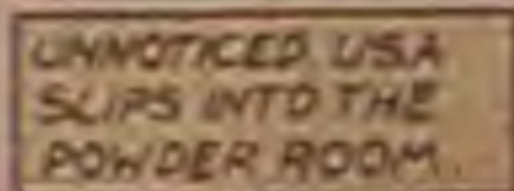


ATTACK THE ISLAND IMMEDIATELY - SPARE NOTHING! OUR MISSION MUST BE FULFILLED

YES, SIRE



I MUST GET FOOD - AND THERE'S NONE AROUND HERE. ALL THE COMMUNICATION IS CUT OFF - BUT I'LL HELP THEM. I MUST!





THE PRIVATE'S SHOT MISSES.
THE COLONEL SHOTS WILDLY
HITTING A POWDER BOMB.



THE EVIL DESTROYER GOES
DOWN AS TWO FAMILIAR
SILHOUETTES APPEAR ON
THE HORIZON.



TWO FRIENDS, READY TO HELP
EACH OTHER, APPROACH
THE ALASKAN COAST.



THE ALASKAN REFUGEES
RETURN HOME WITH USA.



IN COMMON WE FIGHT
AGAINST FORCE AND
BRUTALITY, AND STAND
UNITED!



CAN USA REST, OR MUST
SHE ALWAYS KEEP WATCH?



SEVERAL NEW FACES
APPEAR BEFORE
CARRY THE SUPERVISOR
OF BOYVILLE

WELL, BOYS YOU ARE
NOW MEMBERS OF
THE BOYVILLE SCHOOL.
I HOPE YOU'LL
LIKE IT HERE!

YEAH, WE HAD A LOT
ABOUT THIS PLACE AND
DECIDED TO COME OUT
AND SEE IF IT
WAS ON THE
LEVEL!

AHEN ER, RUSTY
WILL SHOW YOU
TO YOUR ROOM!



HERE YOU
ARE
EVERYTHING
YOU NEED
IS
HERE!

SAY
WHO RUNS
THIS PLACE?
YA KNOW
THAT BIG GUY!



WELL - CARRY
IS SUPERVISOR
OF THE SCHOOL
BUT WE RUN
IT JUST LIKE THE
GOVERNMENT.
I WAS ELECTED
PRESIDENT IN
THE LAST
ELECTION!



WHAT?
NO WONDER
THE DUMP
LOOKS SO
COPPY!



IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

BUT NOT FOR ME! AN' I'M GONNA MAKE SOME CHANGES!



WHAT THIS PLACE NEEDS IS ONE BIG BOSS... AND I'M...



NO... WE'RE SATISFIED WITH THE WAY THINGS GO AROUND HERE



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT CHUM!

MAYBE!



WHAM... THEY'RE BANGING UP ON ME... A FIGHT WILL MEAN TROUBLE FOR CAPPY! I'LL HAVE TO BACK DOWN FOR THE PRESENT!



OKAY, BUD-YOU WIN!

GOOD! WHERE'S A PHONE I CAN USE?



THERE'S ONE IN CAPPY'S OFFICE... YOU CAN USE IT IF HE SAYS IT'S ALL RIGHT!

OKAY! NOW BEAT IT!



THIS IS HOT STUFF!



CAPPY, CAN I SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE?

LATER, RUSTY-I'M LEAVING FOR TOWN... BE BACK SOON.



CAPPY GOING TO TOWN EH? THAT LEAVES ME IN CHARGE HERE!



RUSTY HURRIES INTO CAPPY'S OFFICE



HERE COMES 'JOE TOUGH-GUY' NOW! I HOPE HE DOESN'T MIND MY LISTENING IN ON HIS PHONE CALL!



HEY OPERATOR, GET ME HANS LIEBER, AT THE CARLTON IN CHICAGO. REVERSE THE CHARGE!



HANS? THIS IS BABY-FACE MALONE. YEAH! I'M IN BOYVILLE. I'LL HAVE THESE KIDS UNDERMINED IN A WEEK. HA HA... A PUSH-OVER!



HAIL... HAIL! WE WILL HAVE A SWELL PHONEY YOUTH-MOVEMENT IN THIS JOINT!

YOU BOKE!



OPERATOR-TRACE THAT CALL. THAT MAN IS A FIFTH COLUMNIST. THIS IS RUSTY PISANO OF THE... THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS!

AFTER MALONE LEAVES...



BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS! SAY! THAT'S AN IDEA!



AND THIS IS GOING ON IN A LOT OF OTHER SCHOOLS!

A SHORT TIME LATER IN RUSTY'S ROOM...



BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS! NOW! SAY-WE'LL NEED A SYMBOL OR SOMETHING!!



LOOK! MY ALL-STAR FOOTBALL JERSEY. FIXED OVER A LITTLE... AND YOU FELLOWS HAVE ONE!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

NOW... WITH ME AS BOSS AROUND HERE, I'LL LOOK AFTER THE FELLAS' INTERESTS. WE DON'T NEED A NEW BOSS...



THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER... NOW LISTEN...



SOME TIME LATER.....

YOU PROMISE A LOT...

SURE! NOW TELL YOUR PALS ABOUT IT!



THIS IS A GONOR! THESE KIDS B'LIENE ANYTHIN' YA TELL 'EM!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



DEAD END ISLAND

BY HENRY
JACOB



The sky was a brass bowl in which a few gulls wheeled lazily, as if they knew that to remain in one place in that terrible heat would mean death. Beyond the rusty wharf, as far as the eye could reach, the flat yellow surface of the Sulu Sea—murderous, tragic, deadly—lay like a plain of glass.

We sat on the veranda of the old hotel at Baringa, the infamous haven of Kavat Duk. I had never been to Baringa before.

Perry Scott sat across the table from me. He had pale blue eyes that seemed to always be looking long distances. We'd been talking about the strange things that happen in the Far East, persons disappearing, etc.

"Listen to this," Perry said. He took a letter from his pocket and read: "Mark Stevens, Planters Hotel, Sandakan, Borneo. Dear Mr. Stevens, I have hesitated to write this knowing that you and my husband were not the best of friends. But I am desperate. Clay has been gone almost a year, and not a word from him. Won't you please help me find him? He was last heard of in Sandakan. Sincerely, Mrs. C. L. Maxwell."

Perry finished. I said, "Well?"

"It seems," said young Scott, "that both Clay Maxwell and Mark Stevens disappeared at the same time. It just happened that I barged into the Planters Hotel in Sandakan a few days ago, and old Wang, the manager, handed me this letter. I met Mark Stevens three years ago."

I studied Perry a moment. "And so you're going to look for them?"

He nodded. "One of those humanitarian ones doesn't shirk," he stated. "I've skattered a schizont."

"Then you have an idea where they are?"

"A vague one," said Perry. "In the middle of the Sulu Sea there is an island known as 'Dead End Island.' I'm sailing at dawn for it . . . I say, Humphreys," he said suddenly, "would you enjoy a bit of a cruise? I mean, of course, if you're not otherwise occupied?"

"I sure would," I said.

A day out from Baringa we ran into one of those peculiar, twisting squalls that take the Sulu Sea without warning. It changed the glass water into a boiling cauldron. Mountains were round even, untempered, and had themselves at us. The little schooner would take them head-on, walled, and come up shaking herself like a wet dog.

Skipper Drake was an old-timer on the Sulu, but he admitted that this blow was a ringer. "The Kory M is a good old gal, though," he added. "She'll ride 'er out!"

She did.

I was sitting under a tarpaulin awning stretched over the aft deck with Perry that evening. We had been discussing the strange disappearance of Stevens and Maxwell. Skipper Drake joined us.

"So you boys are going to look for those two Americans on Dead End, huh?" he said, puffing his rank pipe.

Perry said, "Yes."

"A bad place to be," said Drake. "Ponant water. Poison air. I remember last five years ago there was some scientific expedition there—Sutton was his name."

"Sutton?" cried Perry. "Of the Royal Academy of Athens?"

"Dunno from where," replied Drake.

"Imagine that!" said Perry. "Sutton, too."

I was interested. "What took him there?"

"Incidentally the legend that there are diamonds on the island," Perry stated.

"Are there?" I asked.

"I don't know. A few years ago some cracked native stepped into a Palawan dive and told a wild tale of finding diamonds on Dead End. He said nobody would ever find them though, because they would never be able to reach the middle of the island."

"Say!" I said. "That sure begins to sound interesting. Diamonds?"

Perry chuckled. "Don't put too much stock in that story, Humphreys," he warned.

An hour after dawn the next morning we made out a chunk



of land rising from the yellowish depths of the Sulu dead ahead. Dead End! A towering rock several hundred feet high shot up in the middle of the island, which took on considerable bulk as we neared it. Midday found us anchored a quarter-mile off the rugged shore. Not a palm tree. Not a bush. But what appeared to be tall, waving bull-grass covered all the land we could see.

The Malay sailors lowered the small boat, and Perry and I climbed in. We each took a pistol. We heaved on the white sand. The Malays wouldn't budge from the boat. Frightened. The glass was taken.

The grass was full six feet high, and thick as dog's hair. I was for plunging into it, but Perry held me back. "Wait," he said. "In our taking chances this grass is dry, bare stalks." He moved the wind. They reached a lighted match in the grass. It broke into flame and with the all-see breeze, the fire raced inland. We followed in the wake of the blaze, in an amazingly wide swath that left bare, blackened ground.

"Well," said Perry, looking upward. "It seems we've reached the end of the trail. Or the beginning."

"Look there," I said, pointing. A few yards off a series of steps had been cut into the wild rock, leading upward.

"Come on!" said Perry. I fell in behind as we began climbing. It was a steep, hazardous ascent, but we made it in twenty minutes. At the top I heard Perry gasp. Then I saw them—three bleached skeletons! They lay in a little depression on the flat top of the hill.

"Holy mackerel!" cried Perry. He dropped to one knee and began an examination of the bony remains. There was identification—on Stevens' and Maxwell's skeletons, in the form of bill folds which had not deteriorated completely, and their contents. On the finger of the other skeleton there was a gold diamond ring with the initials JS—undoubtedly Sammons.

"Well," said Perry, "not much else to do, eh?"

I shook my head. Then I looked down the crude stairway we had climbed. "Good good!" I cried. "Take a look!"

Perry looked down. "Cobras! King cobras—a dozen of the big brutes, waiting for us!" The huge snakes were all in motion, waving like thick black reeds in the wind, their monstrous heads distended.

"Easy to see how these poor chaps were trapped up here," said Perry. "They didn't dare to come down."

"How about shooting them?" I suggested.

"Ever try shooting a snake in motion, with a pistol?" Perry

commented. "Even if you're an expert shot, which I'm not, it's next to impossible."

I was getting somewhat alarmed. "Well, we can't stay up here," I said.

"I think I have it," Perry said. "In your notice that those devils won't crawl over the burned area?"

I did.

"All right. We'll burn our way out. Come on!"

We started down the stairway. I didn't quite see how we were going to burn our way out through those horrible snakes. I was thankful for the foresight that had prompted Perry to set fire to the grass, thus making a safe road to the beach.

It was more difficult going down than up. The narrow ledges of stone afforded precarious footing and I never was a champion mountain climber.



Perry was in the lead, about five steps below me. He was probably five feet from the bottom when it happened. The stone I was just about to quit, for the next one, gave way. I yelled, then I hit Perry in the small of the back with my knees. Both of us tumbled down—down into that horrible dozen of deadly cobras!

It must have been fright that sent them slithering back out of our way. We hit the hard ground in a heap. The breath was knocked from my lungs, but otherwise I was okay. I bounded to my feet, expecting to be bitten in a score of places. Perry was already up, and he was firing at those snakes like an add-on gunner. But his shots were doing little damage. One of the big snakes thrashed

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around, its spine broken by a slug. The others were closing in, backing us against the stone mountain.

"Get off your feet!" yelled Perry, firing at a hideous head that darted toward us. "Set fire to it!"

I got the garment off, struck a match and started it to burning. Then I began waving it at the snakes. The blazing coat worked like magic. Those ugly cobras began writhing away.

"Keep waving it," said Perry. "Then we'll make a run for it. There—take that!" he cried, blowing the head off a snake that had wriggled near and was in the act of rearing, in order to strike.

"Now!" shouted Perry. "Throw it at them!"

I hurled the blazing coat amongst them, and we went into high. I didn't look back until we'd put at least fifty yards behind us. Those big cobras were still back there, waving like thick black reeds in the wind—wailing.

As we crawled into the boat for the return trip to the schooner, Perry said, "We'll bring rifles back and save those babies down. Then we'll bring off the skeletons and give those poor chaps a decent burial."

That arrangement suited me.

Black Ivory

ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER

IN THE JULY ISSUE OF

FEATURING COMICS

ON SALE MAY 23rd

BIG TOP



IT'S A TOOTHACHE, BOSS—I DON'T SLEEP A WHOLE LAST NIGHT!

OH, COME WITH ME!

WHERE'S BOSS?



TO THE DENTIST OF COURSE!

DENTIST? OH NO, BOSS! IT DOESN'T HURT ANY MORE—HONEST!



ON, MURDER DENTIST!

HEY DOC—I'VE GOT A PATIENT FOR YOU—BUT YOU'VE GOTTA HELP SET HIM IN!

LEAVE GO!



ALL RIGHT, DOC—WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

WE'VE GOT TO GO!

LET'S CARRY HIM OVER TO THE CHAIR AND WE'LL STRAP HIM IN!



WELL, BUTCH—YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE THAT TOOTH PULLED IN SPITE OF YOURSELF!



OH, YEAH? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

OPEN YOUR MOUTH—NOW CAN I PULL YOUR TOOTH IF YOU WON'T OPEN YOUR MOUTH?



HEH HEH HEH!—THAT'S JUST IT! YOU CAN'T! YOU MADE ME SIT IN TH' CHAIR—BUT Y'CAN'T MAKE ME OPEN MY MOUTH!



HE'S GOT US, DOC—WE CAN'T MAKE HIM OPEN HIS MOUTH!



HMM—MAYBE WE CAN!



WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, DOC?

SH! IT'S A HATPIN—YOU SNEAK UP BEHIND HIM AND STICK IT WHERE HE'LL FEEL IT MOST!



HERE GOES!



AH! I'VE GOT IT!



THERE IT IS, BUTCH—A BIG ONE, EH?

I'LL SAY—AND DID THOSE ROOTS GO DEEP!

BIG TOP



More of Big Top in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 23rd.



A LONG FIGURE STALVE ALONG
THE WATERFRONT OF A FOG-
BOUND SOUTH PACIFIC PORT.



A HARSH VOICE CALLS OUT
FROM A BUSTY OLD TRAMP
STEAMER.



I NEED TWO
MEN T'FILL MY
ORDIN. THERE'S
FIFTY BUCKS
IN IT IF YOU
GET 'EM!



SOON CRIMPY IS
PROWLING THE DOCKS



HEY
MATEY,
GOT
A LIGHT?

SURE...
I'VE GOT
SOME
MATCHES.



AS MIKE CAROGAN HOLDS
UP THE MARCH A BLACK-
JACK WHISTLES IN A
MURDEROUS ARC...



WONDER WHERE
BIG MIKE
STRAYED IN THE
FOG??



WHAT'S
GOING ON OVER AT
THAT SHIP... MIKE!
THEY'RE TAKING
HIM...



DUSTY RUSHES
ABOARD THE ACHIBRA





-TRYING TO
SHANGHAI MY FELL,
EH?



THEY SLUGGED
YOU, EH, MIKE?



GET READY TO
SAIL! WE GOT
OUR TWO MEN!

NOT
YET YOU
HAVEN'T!



THEM!



HO! HO! HO!
I CAN STILL PITCH
A BELAYIN' PIN
WITH THE BEST
OF 'EM!



SLOWLY THE
FREIGHTER NOSES
OUT OF THE ROGGY
HARBOR.



HOURS
LATER

MIKE!
WHAT
HAPPENED?



I'LL TELL YA
LADDIE. YE'VE
BEEN SHANGHAIED
LIKE TH' REST
O' US! YOU'RE ON
THE AKIMBRA-



CAP'N SNYDE AND
BUCKO, HIS MATE, RUN
THIS SCOW. AN' BLACK-
GUARDS THEY ARE!!
ANY MAN WOT
CROSSES 'EM GETS
PITCHED TA THE
BLOOMIN' SHARKS!



THREE DAYS PASS.
EACH DAY THE CREW'S
TREATMENT BECOMES
MORE BRUTAL!



THEN... THE
EVENING OF THE
THIRD DAY

I CAN'T
STAND
THIS DOG
FOOD!

BETTER
THAN
NOTHIN'



MEN/GRUB'S ALL
GONE. AN' WE AIN'T
EVEN NEAR ANY
PORT! WHERE
WE GOIN'? I'M
GONNA FIND OUT
-RIGHT NOW!!

THE CREW SLOWLY
APPROACH THE
CAPTAIN'S CABIN

CAPTAIN SNYDE-
WE WANT TO KNOW
WHERE WE'RE
GOIN'!



MUTINOUS DOGS!
EH? YOU'RE GOIN'
T'DAVY JONES'
LOOKER!



ANY MORE WHO WANT
T'ASK QUESTIONS?
...NO? THEN
BACK T'YOUR
QUARTERS!



THAT
DIRTY
KILLER!
I'LL-

HOLD IT
MIKE- WE
HAVEN'T
GOT A
CHANCE-



THAT NIGHT, AS
THE CREW IS ABOUT
TO TURN IN...

HEY...
WHERE'S
THAT
LITTLE
LIMEY?

I THINKS
HE WENT
DOWN TO
SAMPLE
THAT RUM
IN THE
HOLD!



WHY THAT CRAZY
LITTLE COOT!!
HE'LL GET SHOT
IF HE'S CAUGHT
DOWN THERE/COME
ON, MIKE!



AND IN
THE CARGO HOLD

THIS AINT RUM
-IT'S WATER!



HE BUSILY RIPS OPEN
CASE AFTER CASE.

TAIN'T RIGHT!!
H'IT'S ALL WATER..
-NOT A BLOOMIN'
BIT OF....
UGHH...



AT THAT MOMENT DUSTY
AND MIKE RUSH IN....

LOOK!
LIMEY'S
BEEN SHOT!



WHY! THIS AINT
RUM-IT'S WATER!



I GET IT - THIS
SHIP IS CARRYING
A WORTHLESS
CARGO OF WATER
HEAVILY INSURED
AS RUM... SNYDE
WILL SCUTTLE
THE SHIP AND
COLLECT THE
INSURANCE!



DO TELL! HO! HO!
AND IN JUST A FEW
MINUTES DYNAMITE
WILL BLOW
THIS TUB SKY HIGH!
GET ON DECK,
YOU TWO!



SNYDE SPEEDS AWAY FROM THE DOOMED SHIP IN A MOTOR LAUNCH.

S'LONG SUCKERS! YA'LL BE SHARK BAIT SOON! HO! HO! HO!



THE CREW MADLY RIP OFF LIFE-BOAT COVERS.

THE BOTTOMS ARE ALL STONE IN! WE'RE DONE FOR!

WAIT! WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE!



SOON A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RIPS THE BOAT APART!



TWO DAYS LATER... IN THE OFFICE OF THE MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

...SO THE AKOMBRA SANK AND ALL HANDS WAS LOST BUT ME... POOR DEVILS!

I AM READY TO PAY YOU THE SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS INSURANCE!



SUDDENLY A GROUP OF WEATHER-BEATEN MEN FILE INTO THE OFFICE.

WAIT! SNYDE SANK THAT SHIP HIMSELF!

WHAT'S THIS! FRAUD?



SNYDE, YOU FORGOT HATCH COVERS MAKE GOOD RAFTS -AND NO CAPTAIN LEAVES HIS SHIP FIRST!!



A GUY BRISTLES IN SNYDE'S HAND.

NICE SPEECH! BUT I'M STILL BOSS!!



YOU WERE! BUT YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ONE NOW!



WITH SNYDE EXPOSED AND HELD, DUSTY AND BIG MIKE NOW LEAVE THE BUILDING.

MIKE! LOOK! IT'S THAT GUY WHO SHANGHAIED YOU!

OH, YES- GO IT IS- HMMM!



YAAAAA ULP! D-DON'T!

YOU'VE SENT LOTS OF OTHER MEN T'SEA... NOW YOU'RE GOIN' YOURSELF!



NEXT MONTH DUSTY DANE AND MIKE WILL AGAIN SAIL DOWN THE COLORFUL TRAIL OF HIGH ADVENTURE.

NIPPIE

THERE'S THAT FRESH
LIL' JOHANNY OUTTIE!
I'LL BREAK UP AND CATCH
HIM THIS TIME!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO THE WIDOW
BURNS, YOUR
UNCLE PHIL AND
O'SHEA AND
O'DOUL ARE
GOING TO
WATCH THE
PARADE?

THAT'S RIGHT
HER BROTHER
GOT HER
FOUR SEATS
IN THE FRONT
ROW!

WHY SHOULD
FANNY BURNS
INVITE O'SHEA
AND O'DOUL TOO?
YOU OUGHT TO
TELL HER A
THING OR TWO!

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME
I'LL TAKE
CARE
OF O'SHEA
AND
O'DOUL!

NOW DON'T
FORGET CLANCY
ASK THAT
QUESTION
WHEN O'SHEA
AND O'DOUL
COME
IN!

OKAY,
PHIL
HERE
THEY
COME
NOW!

ONE OF YOU
CAN SIT ON
FANNY'S
RIGHT AND
ONE ON HER
LEFT, BUT
WHO'S SITTING
IN THE FOURTH
SEAT?

IT AIN'T
GONNA
BE ME!

BUT HOW
DO YOU
KNOW
FANNY WON'T
WANT O'SHEA
TO SIT NEXT
TO HER!

THAT'S A LAUGH!
FANNY LETS
O'SHEA TAG ALONG
CAUSE SHE FEELS
SORRY FOR THE
SHRIMP! SHE
WANTS A MAN
LIKE
HE!

LISTEN,
YOU BIG
GORILLA,
WHAT
HAVE YOU
GOT THAT
I AIN'T
GOTT!

STRENGTH, BRAINS!
EVERYTHING A
WOMAN LIKE
FANNY ADMIRE!
DIDN'T YOU EVER
LOOK IN THE
MIRROR?

YOU
WOULDN'T
DARE LOOK
IN THE
MIRROR,
YOU FOUR-
EYED
FRANKEN-
STEIN!

OK, SO YOU'RE
REFERRING
THAT I'M
AFRAID TO
TAKE OFF
MY GLASSES
ENT THERE!

NOW NO
DISTURBING
BOYS!

KEEP OUTTA
THIS, PHIL, I'M
BIG ENOUGH
TO TAKE CARE
OF HIM!

PHIL! STOP
THEM! STOP
THEM!

IT'S BEYOND
MY POWER
NOW,
CLANCY!

HELP! POLICE!!

GET
IN
THERE!

A FINE BODY
OF MEN
FANNY!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

OR
LARRY

YOU WON'T GET
AWAY THIS TIME!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



SPIN SHIAWW

off the
NAVAL AIR
CORPS

by Rex Smith



FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES ON LAND, AT SEA AND IN THE AIR, THE MONROE DOCTRINE INSURES THE NEW WORLD'S SAFETY. SPIN SHAW DOES HIS PART TO PRESERVE THIS SECURITY.

HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S A JERRY
WARPLANE!

SPIN TAKES IT EASY AT A NEW NAVAL AIR BASE IN THE WEST INDIES... HE WATCHES WITH KEEN INTEREST THE OVERHAULING OF HIS SHIP.

A HERO-WORSHIPPING GREASEMONKEY LAPS UP SPIN'S STORIES.



QUICK!
WARM UP
THAT NEW
SHIP! I'M
GOING TO
SEE ABOUT
THIS!



THAT
SILVER BABY'S
SEEN PLENTY OF
ACTION!

YOUR SHIP
WILL BE
READY IN
AN HOUR,
CAPTAIN
SHAW!

SHE'S BEEN IN MORE
TIGHT SQUEAKS THAN
YOU CAN COUNT, AND
SHE SLID OUT
OF ALL OF 'EM!

SEE-E!

HEY!
I HEAR
A PLANE!

RIGHT!



THE NEW SHIP LEAPS FROM THE GROUND SO FAST THAT EARTH BEARS DIZZILY BENEATH HIM.



NOBODY'S ALLOWED TO FLY OVER AMERICAN PORTIFICATIONS AND THAT GUY'S AN ALIEN BEGGERS! GOOD THING THIS BUDDY IS FAST!



PULLING THE THROTTLE FULL OUT, SPIN SOARS AFTER THE FLEEING JERRY PLANE.



BUT... SOMETHING'S WRONG. HE'S GETTING AWAY! AND I'VE GIVEN THIS CRATE TOP SPEED!



THE ALIEN PILOT GLOATS.

HEH! HEH! HE WON'T GET ME. I'VE GOOD PICTURES OF THIS BASE TOO! OUR LEADER WILL BE PLEASED!



BAH! THESE AMERICAN PLANES... SO INFERIOR!



UH OH. WHAT'S THIS? THE NEW MODEL CARRIES ANOTHER LEVER. MAYBE IT'LL GIVE ME MORE SPEED!

THE FOREIGN PILOT SEES SPIN SPURT AHEAD WITH A SUDDEN BURST OF POWER.



ACH HIMMEL! HOW... BUT I MUST GET AWAY!

SPIN PURSUES HIM AT BREATHTAKING VELOCITY.



SPEED! AND NOW I'VE SMASHED MY STARBOARD WING INTO HIM! HOW'D I DO IT?

WITH THEIR WINGS BADLY DAMAGED, BOTH SHIPS ARE FORCED DOWN INTO THE SEA.



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR SPYING ON THIS BASE!

THE ALIEN JUMPS FROM HIS HING TIP ONTO
SPIN'S PLANE.

GRAB MY HAND!
EVEN THOUGH I
MUST ARREST
YOU I'D HATE TO
SEE YOU DROWN!

BUT

NO, KAMEDAD
I WON'T
DROWN.

MAYBE
YOU WILL
HAY HAY!

SPIN COMES UP AS WET AND
ANGRY AS A FIGHTING COCK.

THAT'S
GRATITUDE?
WELL...

HE
REACHES
OUT HIS
HAND.

LESSON ONE
IN ETIQUETTE,
BUD?

HIMMEL!
UG...
OLUS!

SPIN APPLIES
THE FINISHING
TOUCHES...

YOU'RE MORE
MANAGEABLE
UNCONSCIOUS!

SUDDENLY A FAST TORPEDO BOAT
SKIDS TO THE SINKING PLANES.

THERE HE
IS!

YEP...HE'S
HOLDIN' UP
ANOTHER
GUY?

CAPTAIN
SHAW? YOU
O.K.?

SURE!
SURE!
NOW PUT
THIS FELLOW
IN STORAGE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER,
COLONEL BRAYES REPRIMANDS
SPIN SHARPLY.

YOU HAD SPECIFIC ORDERS
NOT TO TRY THAT NEW
SHIP? YOU CAUGHT A
JERRY SPY BUT
DID YOU HAVE
TO WRECK
THE PLANE
DOIN' IT?

AND IF THAT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH, YOU DELIBERATELY DISOBEYED MY ORDERS! YOU'RE GROUNDED, SHAW FOR INSUBORDINATION UNDERSTAND?

YES, SIR

HE SPIN WALKS TO HIS QUARTERS

WHEN? COLONEL SURE LET LOOSE ON ME? HE WAS RIGHT THOUGH, HEY? ISN'T THAT MY PRISONER? WHY'S HE OUT OF THE JUS?

THE PRISONER JUMPS INTO A SQUAD CAR

I'LL GET HELP FROM THE LEADER TO MAKE MY ESCAPE COMPLETE!

HE ROARS DOWN THE ROAD WITH SPIN BEHIND HIM

AT A TELEGRAPH OFFICE HE STOPS TO SEND A MESSAGE

NOW I GO TO THE AIRPORT AND WAIT!

HE SURE WAS IN A RUSH, IS VENTURA BOULEVARD?

SPIN DASHES INTO THE OFFICE

FRANK? WHERE DID THAT GUY WIRE TO?

GOLLY! THAT'S NEAR OUR NEW FIELD! I'LL TELL COLONEL GRAVES!

MEANWHILE THE AGENT IS PICKED UP AT THE CITY AIRPORT BY A WAITING PLANE

HELLO, HANG! TAKE ME TO OUR HEAD-QUARTERS!

SPIN RELATES THE INCIDENT TO COLONEL GRAVES

THE SPY ESCAPED? THEN TAKE THE OTHER NEW SHIP AND GO AFTER HIM!

THANK YOU!

BUT, THIS TIME YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT! IF YOU'RE NOT AND IF YOU CRASH THAT SHIP, GROUNDING WON'T BE THE ONLY PENALTY YOU'LL GET!

IN THE NEW SHIP, SPIN SOARS INTO THE CLOUDS...

I'LL BE RIGHT! THAT ADDRESS IS SPY QUARTERS, I HOPE!

AFTER A HALF HOUR,

THERE IT IS!
OH-OH! BUT
THEY'RE TAK-
ING OFF!



IMMEDIATELY HE DIVES AT
THE UPCOMING PLANES.

SIX OR SEVEN?
I DIDN'T
EXPECT
THAT
MANY?



AT BREAKNECKING SPEED
HE ENGAGES THE LEADING
SPY PLANE.



MORE AND MORE ZOOM
UP UNTIL SPIN IS
COMPLETELY OUT-
NUMBERED.



TWISTING AND WEAVING
THROUGH THE MAZE OF
SHIPS, SPIN SENDS ROUND
AFTER ROUND OF BULLETS
INTO THEM.



AH!
GOT
ONE!

THE STRICKEN SHIP
IN FLAMES FALLS
EARTHWARD.



COMING OUT OF HIS DIVE, HE
FIGHTS DESPERATELY FOR
ALTITUDE.



CAN'T
HOLD OUT
MUCH LONG-
ER... THIS
SHIP IS
RIDDLED
WITH
SHOT!

SUDDENLY IN THE DISTANCE,
SPIN'S BUDDIES COME FROM
THEIR BASE.



OH BOY! HERE'S
HELP BUT WAIT
TILL THE COL-
NEL SEES
HIS NEW
PLANES!

LATER...

TAKE A FURLOUGH, SPIN.
AND FORGET ABOUT THE
WRECKED SHIPS... I HAVE
TO HAND IT TO YOU
YOU'RE SPY-BAITER
NUMBER ONE!



More of Spin Shaw in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 23rd.

BIKE TIRES BUILT LIKE PLANES



SPEED

Legs driving a bike speedier and smoother driving a crankshaft are a lot alike. Dead weight saps their energy. That's why in the armed plane kingdom and in U.S. Royal Rider Tires with Rayon Cord, non-breaking weight has been cut to zero. Results: more power per pound. More speed!



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Note the big specially designed rubber surface on these speedy Army fighters. Why? Because speed is useless without control. That's why Royal Rider's Tires give you safety and traction like they control ships on wet roads or dry.



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STRENGTH

Durability, buoyancy and snap action provide the backbone of the latest U. S. airplane. Strength plus lightness is the rule of the day. And in the U.S. Royal Rider with Rayon Cord you get just that—a tire that built like a plane.



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